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The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **So You Are Going to Move!**—*Shields T. Hardin*
- **"Apron-String" Parents**—*Emil Kontz*

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The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

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Contents

ARTICLES

A Heap o' Livin'	Genevieve Thompson	1
Youngsters Always Underfoot?	Dorothy Boys Kilian	4
Make Your Home a Safer Place	Hildegard Popper	8
Why Do Youth and Adults Clash?	Mary Blair Immel	9
Records That Count	Josephine Robertson	12
So You Are Going to Move!	Shields T. Hardin	16
"Apron-String" Parents (Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups)	Emil Kontz	22
The Most Alive Man in Town	Vincent Edwards	26

STORIES

Like a Motherless Child	Elsa Beth Puckett	6
Story for Children Lady Day	Esther Freshman	21

FEATURES

A Snack Party	Loie Brandom	14
Worship in the Family with Children		18
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	25
Family Counselor	Donald M. Maynard	29
Books for the Hearthside		31
Over the Back Fence		32
Poetry Page	Inside back cover	

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"I Don't Want To!"

"Frank doesn't like social gatherings of any kind, not even parties with the couples at church," a friend of mine told me recently. "So we never go. If Frank doesn't want to do something, he won't do it."

My friend's words, spoken rather acrimoniously, caused me to do some serious thinking. How often wives say to their husbands, "You go to the football game without me. I don't want to go!" Or husbands say to their wives, "You know I don't care for band concerts. You'll have to go alone if you want to go."

Life isn't tailor-made to fit all of our personal whims and desires. Occasionally, we have to do things that we don't care for, in order to please someone else; and a sign of maturity is doing these things willingly and cheerfully. The person who insists upon having his own way all the time is an adult in years only, not in emotional development.

"I don't want to" is such a disagreeable sentence, that we should make every effort to see that we don't use it very often.

What's Here? We who are blessed with good vision often take it for granted. An article to open your eyes to the needs of the blind is "Records That Count," by Josephine Robertson. This is about the John Milton Society, a non-profit organization that publishes Protestant Christian literature in Braille and in the "talking book" magazine.

Hobby fans will enjoy "A Heap o' Livin'," by Genevieve Thompson. This is the story of a family with an intriguing rock collection.

Many people who move away from the old home town are swallowed up in oblivion, as far as the home church is concerned. "So You Are Going to Move!" by Shields T. Hardin, is recommended reading for those planning on joining the great American migration to new frontiers.

We are inclined to laugh rather scornfully about grown men "tied to Mother's apron strings." Nevertheless, "apron strings" are not completely foreboding. "Apron-String Parents," our study article and guide, will teach you and your parents' group how to manipulate them wisely.

What's Coming? "Birthdays Are Important"; "Attitudes in the Making"; "The Spiritual Furnishings of the Home."

Till next month,

S. W.

by Genevieve Thompson

A HEAP O' LIVIN'

Although each member of this family has his own individual pursuits, there is one fascinating hobby that intrigues them all.

On a quiet residential street in Falls City, Nebraska (population 6,210), is the home of the Earl Andrews family, consisting of Earl and Evalin Andrews and their three daughters, Lorna Dean, 19, Bonnie, 15, and Faye, 9. During the afternoon that I spent with them the house was permeated with the odor of bread baking. Mrs. Andrews was doing laundry in the basement, and she took me down to see her new dryer. Lorna Dean was putting a hem in a skirt, but she laid it aside to show me, with unbounded enthusiasm, the collection of pond water that she is studying. To my unscientific eyes it was merely a collection of unpleasant looking, slimy green water in several bowls on the kitchen window sill. (How many mothers would tolerate this in a nice modern kitchen?) Lorna Dean is majoring in science and English, and she inquired if I had, in my flower garden, any oddly marked petunias, the result of voluntary crosses,

which she could study.

Meanwhile, Bonnie was racing through the house crying "Moth-----er" at frequent intervals, bringing various articles with the query, "Shall I take this?" She was packing for her first real venture into adult living. The following day the family would drive her to Lincoln, Nebraska, where for three weeks she would attend classes in fine arts at the state university. She was the winner of the Miller Paine Art Scholarship for all state high schools. Her entry was a charcoal drawing entitled "A Rock Hound" (rock hound is what lapidists call themselves). The drawing will be touring the United States for about a year.

Until now none of the girls ever had any art training except what they received in public school; but Bonnie has developed unusual art talent. Of a horse she has drawn she might say, "The back leg is not



—Photos by Morsman Studio



The Andrews family grouped around their stone exhibit case. From left to right, Bonnie, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Andrews, Lorna Dean, and Faye.



Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are at the grinding wheel with Bonnie peering over their shoulders. Lorna Dean and Faye are busy at the sanding wheels.

quite right." To your eye though, it looks pretty good. Horses are her specialty, and she owns the only pet in the family, a little black dog named Tippy. Lorna Dean does chalk drawings, usually of marine life. Over the piano hang two of her drawings which could be mistaken for examples of modernistic art, but she explains earnestly that they are realistic pictures of marine life.

The Andrews are a musical family. Mrs. Andrews is choir director of the First Christian Church, of which the family are members. She is also assistant church organist and plays the piano for many church and civic affairs. Lorna Dean plays the baritone horn, and Bonnie, the trombone in the school band. Both girls play the piano and often play duets for various community affairs. Lorna Dean is assistant church pianist and is beginning to assist with the organ. Both girls sing in the choir.

The church occupies a large place in the life of this family. Mr. Andrews is an elder and past president of the local Council of Churches. Mrs. Andrews is an assistant church school teacher; Lorna Dean was secretary of the CYF; and Bonnie was president of her youth group. Lorna Dean taught daily vacation Bible school and was a delegate to the young people's conference at Crete, Nebraska, in June, 1955.

Mrs. Andrews is a Red Cross first aid instructor and a member of the local music club and garden club. She grows African violets and gloxinias and does some hybridizing of both. Mr. Andrews is county chairman of the Red Cross and a first aid instructor, also. He is a member of Rotary, a volunteer

fireman, and president of the Band Parents. A couple of years ago he was very much in evidence during the football and basketball games, hustling here and there, keeping the popcorn, candy bars, and pop moving.

Mr. Andrews is locally famous for a collection of two hundred pencils which are displayed in a glass wall case. Lorna Dean has a collection of about five hundred shells in a large glass-front cabinet. Her newest interest is writing. She has a real flair for light verse and is just beginning to offer her work to editors.

But the hobby which lures the entire family is lapidary. This is the cutting, grinding, polishing, and setting of stones. They came into contact with it first about three and a half years ago. While on a vacation they had a flat tire at Rock Springs, Wyoming. The filling station attendant was a lapidist, and they were fascinated by his work. On a business trip about six weeks later Mr. Andrews met a lapidist at Holton, Kansas, who showed him how to cut stone.

As soon as possible both Mr. and Mrs. Andrews went to Holton where Mr. Hosteller taught them how to cut stone. By October they had bought second-hand equipment and were working in their basement. That year they attended the State Fair at Topeka, Kansas, and haunted the rock and mineral exhibit. They avidly study everything that they can find on lapidary. All the children work at it, and Faye is an expert rock hound.

Their equipment consists of four wheels, two grind-

ing wheels and two sanding wheels, electrically driven. After the rock is sawed into slabs, the stone is shaped on the grinding wheels, using the coarse grinder. When the size and shape are right, it is smoothed on the fine grinder. The polishing is done on the sanding wheels, using the coarse sander first to remove the scratches left by the grinding wheel and finishing up with the fine sander. The final polishing is done with a felt buffer, using a buffing powder, usually tin oxide. There are shallow trays of water under the wheels so that they are wet with each revolution, and the stone is frequently dipped as it is ground. This keeps it from breaking as a result of the heat generated by friction with the wheel.

The Andrews use a variety of stones, ranging from rhodochrosite, a lovely pink stone from Patagonia, to common pebbles found locally. All of them are constantly alert for any likely looking pebble along road or stream. Agate is their standby. It is found everywhere, comes in a great variety of colors, is extremely workable, and often has beautiful pictures in the heart. The Andrews find some rocks. Some are gifts to them, and they buy some gem quality rough stone, though they admit they do not have much money to spend that way. Still, they have quite a stock of uncut and unmounted stones. They show you opal; petrified wood (called in the trade, picture wood); jade; rhodochrosite; tiger eye from Africa; burnite from California; malachite, a lovely emerald green stone from the Belgian Congo, which also is found in copper-bearing areas of the United States; tourmaline, a true semi-precious stone; chrysocolla, a

peacock blue stone from the Rocky Mountain region, harder and more colorful than turquoise.

Mrs. Andrews' special love just now is the Apache tear. This is Arizona obsidian and comes in a rough, black, pitted, tear-shaped lump. It polishes to a beautiful smoky translucence as clear as glass in the light. None of the others will work on Apache tears, as they are rather dangerous, sometimes exploding like a light globe under the friction of the wheel. Mrs. Andrews has made a brooch with one tear as large as a walnut.

In the living room of the Andrews' home the place of honor is occupied by a glass showcase. Lying on the glass shelves under bright light are the products of this ancient art and craft. Necklaces, bracelets, rings, brooches, cuff links, tie clasps, earrings—all are there. The Andrews make some of their sterling mountings and buy some. They buy all their gold mountings. Each one can instantly identify his own work. They *will* sell a piece if urged sufficiently, but are not anxious to.

Mr. Andrews says regretfully that he cannot spend so much time as he would like with this hobby. He and his father own the Andrews Monument Company, a retail monument business established over sixty years ago by Mr. Andrews' grandfather. In 1950, they built a fine new building for the business and also their ranch type home.

Interesting family are the Andrews, but "just folks." When Bonnie returned from Lincoln, they headed West, loaded with camping equipment. No geiger counter for them. They hunted rocks!



Bonnie and Lorna Dean play a duet on the piano. Note Lorna Dean's chalk drawing of marine life.





Youngsters Always UNDERFOOT?

by Dorothy Boys Kilian

"Well, she's at it again," my husband, Bill, groaned one Saturday afternoon as we were weeding out the zinnia beds.

Across the vacant lot separating us from the next house we heard the new neighbor woman yelling at her toddler as she tried to hang up some washing.

"Get away from this basket, Bobby. You're dragging the clean clothes into the dirt," she screamed. "Bobby, go away now, or I'll spank you good!"

There was a moment's silence, and then a sudden loud bawl from the red-headed little boy.

"I told you what would happen if you didn't stop," she yelled above the child's crying. "Now you get into the house and stay there till I come in."

Bill glared across the lot and exploded, "All that dame's done since she moved in is yell at her little tyke. Can't she and her child get together on anything?"

"You've hit the nail right on the head, Bill," I told him. "From

what I've noticed, they're constantly pulling in opposite directions—she and Junior."

"This family is certainly *pulling* away," Bill chuckled as he gave an extra tug at a big clump of Bermuda grass. "Look at Susie over there. She's tackling a weed taller than herself!"

I glanced down the garden and saw our two-year-old, red in the face and bending backward, a three-foot plant of unknown variety clutched tightly in her chubby little fists.

Laughing, I went to her aid. "At least, we're pulling together, Bill, and that's what counts.

"What do you suppose would have happened if we'd said, 'Now, Susie, we grown-ups are going to work in the garden today. You go and play somewhere.'"

"She'd have been highly insulted," Bill laughed.

"And just in the mood to get into mischief," I added, "because she'd have felt that she wasn't wanted around here."

Youngsters want to do what you are doing. They just naturally are imitators. It is a good thing that they are, too, because that's the way they learn. If you want to keep them "out of your hair," follow the path of least resistance and let them participate in your own activities.

If little Bobby had been allowed to hang up his own socks on a low line, for instance, he would not have had time to annoy his mother; or, if he had been asked to hand her the clothespins from the basket, he would have been content, feeling that she considered him a friend and helper rather than a nuisance.

When Susie, at 18 months or so, began tagging me around from room to room, we simply began to share the housework!

Take after breakfast, for instance. After Bill has left for the office, Susie and I head for the bathroom. I brush my teeth. She brushes hers with a tiny, soft brush.

"All through?" I ask after a minute or two.

"No," she answers briefly, brushing away so vigorously that I fear she will polish off all the enamel.

So I take up a rag and begin cleaning the lavatory. Immediately, she sets down the toothbrush and reaches for the rag. I give it to her, and she begins scrubbing away for dear life (standing on a little stool). In the meantime I have picked up another rag and am busy giving the tub the once-over. Before you know it we have finished mopping up operations in that area.

How much less wear and tear on both our nerves than if I had growled, "Now stay out of the bathroom, I'm busy," and then had to interrupt my work every few minutes to dash out to see what she might be up to.

We progress to the kitchen, where the morning dish washing takes place. I officiate at the dishpan. Susie stands on a chair at the sink drain, handing me the dishes and silverware, one piece at a time.

Some mothers might find this a nerve-wracking procedure; I was apprehensive myself at first. But every morning, the minute Susie heard water running into the pan, she would drag a chair up to the sink. Standing there she would look at me with such an eager, companionable expression as though to say, "Well, now, we'll get this job done in no time, Mommy, won't we?" I simply could not drive her away, and I found to my amazement that we have hardly any breakage at all. In fact, a dish seems to be safer in her dry little hands, than it is in my own wet, soapy ones!

Then when there is washing to do, she is really busy! She staggers out to the washing machine on the service porch with armloads of dirty clothes from the hamper. Mommy follows behind to pick up stray pieces that fall by the wayside. True, she sometimes throws a dirty brown sock into the "white load" of sheets and towels, but I snatch it out before any harm is done.

Susie stands on her little stool at the rinsing tub waiting expectantly for the automatic machine to empty itself. When the water does come rushing out, her gurgles of delight are almost as loud as the splashing water itself.

We go out to hang up the fresh-smelling clothes, and Susie is so busy handing me clothespins from the bag, which I have slipped loosely around her neck, that she has neither time nor inclination to drag shirts into the dirt, or tip over the entire basket.

Just wander around the toy department of a downtown store if you want further proof that little ones love to imitate their elders. You will find miniature carpet sweepers, brooms, lawn mowers, rakes, and washing machines.

Susie was constantly trying to grab my sweeper when I was using it; at other times she would plop down on the floor directly in front of it, terrifying me, lest I sweep across one of her tiny fingers. Now, with a small sweeper of her own, the problem is solved.

The same thing holds true when Daddy is working on the lawn. While he cuts the grass, Susie zig-zags happily around the yard with her tiny lawn mower, or with a push toy of some other kind. She will also pile leaves into the bushel basket, too, if she is shown how. She will just as joyfully lift them out of the basket; but in the meantime she is out of range of the mower blades, and she is not running into the street.

So it goes all day long. Of course, these busy little people will take plenty of time off to attend to their own special affairs. They may leave you to wash a stack of dishes all by yourself as they wander off to the sandbox for an absorbing half-hour or so. That is as it should be. Nevertheless, you both have the comfortable feeling that you can work together when you want to, and that you are not in each other's way.

There is still another value. When your child learns early to "help" you, for fun, he will quite naturally and easily assume responsible tasks when he is older.

You can turn your troublesome bairn into a useful one by letting him help you with household tasks.

—Photo by erb





Lik

She could still hear herself screaming at her mother—hateful, terrible words. "I'll never forgive you—never!"

MICHAEL ANDERSON looked down fondly at his young wife, so childlike in the high-necked gown, her brown hair loose against the pillow. "Hi, honey! Doc Roberts gave me five minutes as a buck-upper; then I'm being-banished to my waiting room." Barbara tried to smile, but her blue eyes were wide with fright.

Michael leaned over the bed. "Don't worry, Babs, Doc says everything is coming fine."

"Oh, Mike, if I could just know that our baby will be normal. This unreasonable fear I've had all along—I can't get rid of it!"

"Don't talk like that," Michael chided. "The little rascal will have us both wrapped around his finger in a week, you'll see."

"Babs," he continued, "don't you want me to call your folks? If I

call now, they could be here by morning."

Barbara put a detaining hand on her husband's arm. "No, please, Mike, not yet. Let's wait till we know that the baby's all right."

Michael's face was serious now, as he gripped her hand.

"You'll be the prettiest mother in town, Babs," he said tenderly.

He turned toward the door. "The nurse is wig-wagging at me, honey. I'll have to run." He held her close a moment and was gone.

Barbara let out her breath in a long sigh, then drew it in sharply. As the searing pain tore through her, she tried to analyze her mental torture. She remembered her first feeling of foreboding. She and Mike had been sitting on the sofa on one of their rare evenings alone in their new little house.

They had sat in silence together, watching the smoke spiral slowly upward from the dying fire.

"Mike," she had said suddenly, "we have so much fun with your parents, and my father and I have always been so close. It doesn't seem right I should feel as I do about my mother."

"It isn't right, honey, but you'll get over it in time."

Then Barbara had burst into tears. "But I don't have time to wait. Mike, I saw Dr. Roberts today."

She could still hear Mike's delighted, "So that's it—the little mother, eh?"

Barbara had nodded assent. "And I can't go into it feeling like—like . . ."

"Like a motherless child?" Mike had teased. It had been a stand-

Motherless Child

by Elsa Beth Puckett

ing joke between them since the day that they had listened to the old spiritual, and Barbara had insisted that the haunting refrain, "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child," exactly described her own feelings.

"But your mother is wonderful, Babs," Mike had said. "I can't understand what ever happened between you."

IT WAS UPON HER again—the racking pain that precluded all thought. She grasped the edge of the mattress for support. A stiff white uniform rustled into the room. "How are you, Mrs. Anderson?"

Barbara's voice was shaky. "How much worse do the pains get? I don't think I can take much more!"

The nurse examined her carefully. "They don't get much worse. Just relax, dear." Still Barbara quailed before this unknown siege. If there were only some point to all this agony! Surely, such a baptism by fire was meant to usher in a relationship of love and understanding. Yet she and her mother. . . .

She closed her eyes and let her thoughts drift back to her earliest childhood. Dear intimate scenes flickered before her: an excited little girl in the candy striped dress her mother had made for Sunday best; the same happy little girl playing with the tiny lambs in the old orchard as her mother

tended the ewes. More sunny images flashed before her: the Brownie Scout party in the hay-mow when she was nine; her eighth-grade graduation—how proud her mother had been that she was salutatorian of her class.

Then almost abruptly the happy scenes faded. It was as though a door had shut on her tranquil childhood and she had entered an uneasy, fearsome adolescence. Her mother, once so sure and steady, had become strained and remote—overly critical of every boy she knew, watching anxious-eyed if she were a few minutes late from a date. Then one day all the tension between them had crystallized in an ugly scene. Barbara winced at the memory. She could still see the little green leather diary and hear herself screaming at her mother—hateful, terrible words. "I never thought you'd read my diary! I'll never forgive you—never!"

Later when Barbara's fury and frustration had spent itself, her mother had asked her forgiveness. "Someday when you have a little girl of your own, Barbara, you'll understand how a mother worries."

Her own reply, icily bitter, still sent a chill through her. "If I ever have a little girl, I won't bring her here. You'll not see her."

Barbara shuddered. How could she have been so cruel? Why didn't her mother hate her? Yet never in all the years had there

been any change in her mother's tenderness.

Suddenly, there was borne in upon her the full realization of a mother's love. The old numbing fear was gone. Her universe had righted itself and was all of a pattern now, with love and growth as the law of life.

The intense pain was back again, this time with urgent insistency. Barbara, in a flash of memory, could hear again her father's explanation when as a little girl she had asked why she had never had a little brother or sister. "Your mother had a difficult time when you were born, Barby. She can never have another baby."

"Oh, Mother," Barbara gasped, "I never knew what you went through. I'll make it up to you, Mother, I promise." She felt somehow strangely confident. Of course the baby would be all right. It *must* be all right.

Calmly, Barbara reached up to press the button beside her bed. Dr. Roberts, a stranger now in sterile mask and gloves, smiled approvingly as she was wheeled into the delivery room. "Good girl," he said. "Keep that stiff upper lip! You won't have to wait much longer. Just a little more help now."

Barbara obeyed his directions confidently. She felt a deep harmony with this cataclysmic thing that was happening to her, and a great inner peace. Then just as

she was ready to comprehend this miracle of birth, the faces about her receded, and she heard faintly an authoritative voice say, "That's enough. Let her sleep now, nurse."

In the waiting room reserved for anxious husbands, Michael sat stiffly on the edge of his comfortable chair. A restful light shone from the rose-shaded lamp on the reading table, while outside a cold rain beat against the dark windows, bringing an added coziness to the small, pleasant room. Michael fidgeted nervously. "I will not pace the floor," he told himself staunchly. "Barbara is as strong as a young poplar. If only she could get over this feeling toward her mother—if she would just let me tell her folks about the baby." He glanced at his watch. "Maybe there is still time."

Hours later, Barbara awoke to

find herself in a sun-washed, airy room. A grinning Michael lounged in the chair before her. Barbara held out her arms, and Michael kissed her warmly. "Sleepyhead," he scolded, "your daughter is starving. Hear that wail in the nursery?"

"Oh, Mike, a little girl? Call Mother, won't you. Tell her she has a new granddaughter to love."

Michael grinned impishly. "I called her, after I left you last night. She and your dad are waiting at the house now. But I thought you didn't want her to know! What happened, honey?"

"I guess I prayed, Mike. I know I got some things straightened out. I..."

A lusty wail pierced the stillness, and the door swung open to admit a beaming nurse and their very pink, much-blanketed daughter. "Oh, please, let me hold her."

Barbara's face was radiant with love and longing.

Mike carefully scrutinized the tiny features. "Are they always so red-faced?" he asked.

"Oh, Mike, she's perfect!"

The nurse smiled brightly. "I'll let you three get acquainted now. I'll come for her in ten minutes." The door swung silently shut.

Barbara looked down at the small mite in her arms. "Won't Mother adore her, Mike?"

"S'funny I never noticed it before, but you're very much like your mother. You've grown up, Barbara."

Barbara's face was alight with happiness. "I think I have, Michael. Somehow, last night I learned the meaning of love. All the old bitterness is gone. I'll never again feel like a motherless child."

Make Your Home

A Safer Place

Among America's 17,000,000 children under six, according to national statistics, accidents cause more deaths than disease. Four out of five of these accidents occur in the home. The pity of it is that most of these accidents could be prevented by a little more care and forethought on the part of parents.

One of the major causes of accidents among children is curiosity—the desire to explore abandoned furniture and refrigerators in cellars, garages, and local dumps. Cabinet doors swollen with age and dampness often stick, and doors on abandoned refrigerators, too heavy to push outward, can suffocate youngsters shut behind them. You can help prevent such accidents by removing the hinges and punching holes in such equipment before you store them or toss them out.

During the past ten years alone, 110 children are known to have died because of mechanical suffocation. To help solve this problem, engineers have designed and brought out a new refrigerator with a magnetic safety door that even a very small child can push open from the inside.

Make a resolution to check around your home to eliminate all possible hazards. Keep all poisonous medicines in properly labeled containers—high out of the reach of toddlers' hands. Kerosene, varnishes, and such liquids should be carefully stored out of harm. When throwing away broken glass, china, and razor blades, wrap them first; then dispose of them where the children can't get at them. When you discard old utensils, see that there are no jagged edges to cut or harm the child who picks them up to use as playthings.

by **HILDEGARDE POPPER**
—Bureau of Industrial Service



Teach your children the proper use of common tools and equipment; point out the dangers of sharp blades and unattended fires.

With such precautions, your home will be not only safer for the children, but easier on your nerves as well.

Why Do Youth and Adults

Clash?

by Mary Blair Immel

"My dad likes to be the boss!"

"My folks never believe me!"

"Adults sometimes hurt our feelings!"

This is what teen-agers think of some adults.

The unfavorable picture can be refocused.

"A kid hasn't got a chance," he said, and there was more resentment showing on his young face than there were first whiskers. "All day long, grown-ups are busy telling a fellow what he does wrong—parents and teachers and neighbors. Sometimes they hurt your feelings plenty. Then, if you try to make any explanation, they say you're rude, or they accuse you of talking back to your elders."

He wasn't much different from the other teen-age boys and girls in the circle. They were all in a difficult period of their lives. They were facing adulthood with all of its responsibilities. Yet, as they themselves expressed their plight, "We're too old to behave as we do, but too young to do what we want to do."

One of the girls elaborated a bit more. "My mother works during the day. She expects me to hurry home from school and pick up my little brother at the nursery school, clean the house, shop for groceries, and cook the evening meal. Sometimes on Saturday, she and Dad take an overnight trip and leave me all alone with my brother until Sunday evening. They think I'm old enough to do this, but they won't even let me pick out my own school clothes. All the other girls go shopping by themselves, but my mother always makes me wait until she can go with me. She and Dad never seem to like what I choose to wear. I tried to explain that I ought to be able to pick out my clothes, for I am the one who has to wear them."

"That brings up another thing," another of the girls leaned forward and said, in a concerned tone of voice. "Why is it that it's so hard to explain anything to your folks? They never seem to believe what

I tell them. I haven't ever told them an untrue story; but whenever they ask for an explanation of where I have been or why I was late getting in or what happened to my allowance, they act as if I made the whole thing up. I sometimes feel they don't really want an explanation at all. Since I usually get punished no matter what I say, I've learned just to keep quiet. Now they tell me I'm pouting."

A red-headed fellow, named Tom, was nodding vigorously. "The same thing happens at my house. If I do something my folks don't like, then my dad says, 'The sooner you learn who's boss around here, the better off you'll be.' We get along swell until he starts telling me that, and then I get mad and don't want to do anything he tells me. He doesn't seem to understand that if he'd just ask my opinion instead of bossing me, we'd get along better. Hasn't a fellow got a right to have his own ideas about what to do for recreation and whom he wants for friends?"

There they sat, a circle of high school age young people. Each of them came from various homes, different cities, and small towns, but each of them had a common problem, that of trying to understand why he had so many difficulties in his relations with adults. Some of them were bitter and felt that adults were completely unfair with youth. Some of them were puzzled at the apparent lack of faith which their adult associates displayed in their abilities and in their honesty. A few of them expressed the fact that while they loved their parents very much, their parents set poor examples for them to follow, while telling them, "Don't do what we do. Do what we tell you to do. We know what is best for you." All of them had suffered hurt feelings, at one time or an-

other, because of the way in which their personal feelings had been disparaged or disregarded by adults.

Each teen-ager faces his problem in a different way, through rebelliousness, an attitude of wounded pride, or sometimes by placid resignation to the idea that he can do nothing right. All of these outward manifestations, which so often confound and annoy adults, are marks of the teen-ager's inability to meet his problems in a mature way. It must be noted, however, that adults, also, are failing to help young people work out their problems in a mature or acceptable way.

When the problems of the young people in this discussion group were aired and matched with problems of other youth in other parts of the nation, it was interesting to note that there was no great diversity in the scope of issues which cause dissension between adult and teen-ager. These problems seem to come to light time and time again when youth try to explain why they don't get along so well as they wish they could with parents, teachers, or other adults who work with youth. This would appear to indicate that there are basic areas in adult relationships with youth which need to be reconsidered very carefully.

There seems to be a lack of consistency in adult evaluation of youth's ability to meet everyday situa-

THE TROUBLE WITH ADULTS IS
THAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND US!



—Illustrations by Natalie Roten

THE TROUBLE WITH TEEN-AGERS IS
THAT THEY DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US!



tions. Adults often expect teen-agers to accept more responsibility in one situation than their maturity has prepared them to handle, while in other situations they refuse them a reasonable amount of freedom in making decisions. The parents of one of the teen-agers mentioned felt that she was old enough to assume housekeeping and child care responsibilities, yet did not allow her any freedom in choosing her clothing. Perhaps the girl would make a certain amount of mistakes in learning to select her own wardrobe. There must, however, be a certain amount of trial and error in any learning process before an individual can make sound decisions. As the girl says, she is the one who will have to suffer for the mistakes; for she will have to wear what she buys.

Many times parents, teachers, and other adults who have constant contact with youth have failed to build up a spirit of mutual trust and consideration. The young girl who shared with the discussion group her feeling that her parents didn't believe what she told them was one of many young people who have been hurt by being accused of misrepresenting facts. Teen-agers who are constantly required to explain actions and then find these explanations received with an attitude of suspicion often retaliate with a quiet re-

belliousness. Sometimes these misunderstood young people attempt to solve the dilemma by telling the false stories of which they are suspected.

Most adults have a strong desire to develop law-abiding and -respecting citizens of young people. Yet authoritarian adults who lay down arbitrary rulings and demand unfaltering obedience often lay the groundwork for sullen rebellion or passive resistance. As Tom said, when his dad lays down the law, Tom does not want to co-operate. The boy feels that if his father would talk matters over with him in a fair manner, a lot of unpleasantness could be avoided. Tom feels that he has a right to his own opinions, just as his father does. These two strong-willed people would do well to talk over the points of tension, be it friends or recreation, discussing the many factors in a decision. Possibly, the best course will lie in a compromise.

Any adult who has any contact with teen-agers should attempt to understand their behavior before he attempts to cope with it. Adults should also make an earnest effort to understand the problems of this particular phase of development. Books such as *The 7 Teen Years*, by Alberta Z. Brown, *Youth: the Years from 10-16*, by Arnold Gesell, and *Living with Teeners*, by Grace Sloan Overton, are but three of many fine books along this line which can be a help to the adult striving to understand young people.

In reading any book on getting along with teen-agers, it should be understood by the adult that the use of psychology in their relationship is not a system of learning cleverly how to trick the teen-ager into doing what adults wish him to do. Psychology is the study of human behavior. Properly used, it can help adults understand a particular problem and work out a healthy, though not necessarily an easy solution. The adult should not try to manipulate the thinking and actions of teen-agers. Teen-agers are not marionettes, nor are adults masters whose function is to move the strings to make teeners perform satisfactorily.

It may well be that in these relationships, it is not the teen-ager alone who will need to grow. The adult may need to learn to shift gears smoothly to make the grade.

Young people are human beings attempting to grow to normal adulthood. This would indicate that adults, with their background of experience, must exercise maturity and understanding to the fullest extent when dealing with young people. Adults must avoid being offended by seeming rebelliousness or fancied rebuffs from teen-agers. Adults cannot waste time being disgusted with pseudosophistication. Adults must be open-minded and ready to expect the best from the teen-ager. The teachers and parents and youth workers who garner the most respect from young people are not the most indulgent. Adults must learn to guide without authoritarian commands. Adults must not usurp responsibility, but should help the young person to learn to make thoughtful decisions. In these ways adults can aid teen-agers in meeting their problems in a mature way.

A Doublet Quiz

by Sue H. Wollam

Doublets are words in the same language derived from the same original language. In the process of entering different tongues, however, the words were often changed markedly in both spelling and meaning, as, for example, *dignity* and *dainty*. Below, one doublet will be given in each question. You are to complete the pair, using as a guide the definition of the word to be supplied.

1. *puncture*
a mark made with a pencil; the tip of a pen; a sharp end
2. *scintilla*
a piece of thin sheet metal or paper perforated so that when ink is applied, a desired figure or letters are produced
3. *corona*
an ornament worn on the head of a king or queen
4. *calumny*
to dispute; to dare; to summon to fight
5. *fragrant*
talent, ability, knack
6. *camera*
room, especially a bedroom
7. *calorie*
a thick soup, often made of clams
8. *junction*
place where two bones in the human body meet; a gathering place (slang)
9. *tincture*
to infect; to poison; to render noxious or disagreeable
10. *integrity*
whole, complete, unimpaired
11. *mangle*
to mutilate, disable
12. *legal*
faithful, true

Answers:

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. point | 6. chamber |
| 2. stencil | 5. hair |
| 3. crown | 4. challenge |
| 4. taint | 10. entire |
| 5. joint | 9. taint |
| 6. chamber | 11. mangle |
| 7. legal | 12. loyal |



—John Milton Society

Dale Evans Rogers presents two blind children with recordings of her book "Angel Unawares" to give to Dr. Dwight C. Smith for use by the John Milton Society.

This article tells the story of the *John Milton Talking Book Magazine*, through an interview with its editor Dr. Dwight C. Smith, general secretary of the John Milton Society. This unusual magazine on records is part of the program of the John Milton Society, which brings inspirational material to the Protestant blind.

Also included are suggestions for class or group programs to acquaint more people with the work of the society, which is sponsored by more than fifty denominations.

Do you collect records? Do you enjoy high fidelity and the riches of modern "LP's"? For many of us this is a delightful hobby, but there is one group of listeners to whom recorded sound is more vitally important. This group is the blind.

Recently, Dr. Dwight C. Smith, the handsome, friendly general secretary of the John Milton Society, told me the wonderful story of what his organization is doing for the Protestant blind. He told how much records can mean to those who cannot see, and he also discussed what we, as individuals, as Sunday church school or church groups, can do to help.

If you are one of today's many record collectors, you may be sur-

prised to know that records to play at low speeds were being produced twenty years ago as an exclusive service to the blind. In those days almost the only record players with turntable speeds of $33\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute were Talking Book Machines, made under subsidy from the Library of Congress and lent, without charge, to blind readers. Made sturdily, and without any gadgets to dress them up, these machines are still offered, without charge, to those certified by the Division for the Blind in their respective states. Talking Book records may be borrowed from one of twenty-seven regional Libraries for the Blind across the country.

"Many people assume that most of the blind can read Braille," Dr. Smith told me. "This is not the case. For each one who can read by touch there are three who cannot; and even for those who do read by touch there is a fairly early point of fatigue. It is a helpful change to read 'by ear.' The benefits of the Talking Books, which cover a wide range of subjects, are very great; but we feel that our *John Milton Talking Book Magazine* makes a special contribution to its readers. It goes to our subscribers free of charge and,



unlike borrowed library books, is kept by the subscriber as a permanent addition to his personal record library."

Capable of being played on any machine suitable for microgroove records, each side of these twelve-inch discs contains about nineteen minutes of recorded material, including musical numbers by outstanding choirs and choral groups and inspirational material written and often read by leading religious writers. It has the distinction of being the first religious magazine ever to be so recorded, the first to use recorded music as a regular feature, and the first magazine to be published only in this form.

What is the story behind this project, which, in less than four years has grown from a trial edition of 500 to a regular issue of more than 4,300 copies reaching blind readers all over the world?

"It is hard to believe," Dr. Smith told me, "that for almost ten years, following the first World War, there was no religious literature produced for the blind except the Bible, printed in Braille by the American Bible Society."

The American Bible Society, he explained, has recorded the entire Bible on 170 records which are available to the blind for a token fee, or without cost, if even the twenty-five cent cost is prohibitive; but Dr. Lewis B. Chamberlain, secretary of the Society's work for the blind, kept receiving pleas for

by Josephine Robertson

Records that Count

A fascinating, as well as heartwarming account of the John Milton Society, which brings inspirational material to the Protestant blind.

additional material—church school lessons, commentaries, and other inspirational literature to supplement the study of the Bible itself. Finally, he consulted Miss Helen Keller, who has won world fame for her triumphs over the double handicaps of being deaf and blind. She spoke with real feeling on the subject.

"It seems strange to me," she observed, "that so little thought apparently has been given to the spiritual needs of the blind. From my own experience I know how unspeakably precious religion is to those who walk in dark ways."

So, with Miss Keller as president, the John Milton Society was founded in 1928 with the co-operation of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. Sponsoring units represent more than fifty denominations in this country and Canada, and its influence, through foreign missions, is felt around the world. The *Talking Book Magazine* is only one of its channels. What else does it do? So much, in view of its modest budget, that it brings to mind the proverbial mustard seed.

In Braille it publishes the *John Milton Magazine*, a monthly digest of religious materials, which is sent to sixty countries. It also publishes *Discovery*, a monthly magazine for children, Sunday church school lessons with teachers' notes, a Motto Calendar, the annual World Day of Prayer program,

books of hymns, carols, Bible stories, devotional materials, and other publications. It operates a loan library for children and also for ministers and religious workers. It provides, by correspondence, a pastoral counseling service to the blind, many of whom cannot attend church. Overseas, it furnishes Christian Braille literature in ten languages, particularly in the Orient. It aids Christian schools and Lighthouses in more than sixty overseas centers, and, through scholarships, trains young Christian workers with the blind. There has been a heartbreaking need for this work in Korea since the war. Dr. Smith made a flying round-the-world inspection tour of overseas activities two summers ago.

Who is this man whose fine voice is familiar to so many sightless listeners through the "magazine" he edits, who co-ordinates so many activities in his modest office in an old building on lower Fifth Avenue?

Dwight C. Smith served first as pastor to churches in Bellingham and Olympia, Washington, and in Boston. The fact that he taught for two years at Yale-in-China and studied for his Ph.D. in Edinburgh, no doubt adds to his interest in the world-wide service of the John Milton Society. Furthermore, several years of radio broadcasting for the Massachusetts Council of Churches gave him special skill and interest in the

recording work which is an important part of the program.

Four times a year the postman brings a square, flat package into more than four thousand homes. It is a welcome package, for it comes to a blind subscriber and contains the two long-playing records of the *John Milton Talking Book Magazine*. Its arrival is like the visit from congenial friends; for some of the voices are familiar, and some are those of delightful new personalities. As the listener slips the first record on the player, he hears a warm, clear voice greeting him:

"Page one of the *John Milton Talking Book Magazine* . . . edited by Dwight C. Smith." The editor then lists the contents of each side, with the names of selections, speakers, and musicians. The total playing time is about an hour and a quarter; the quality of the material and recording is excellent. A sighted listener may find much pleasure in the records, and experience shows that the blind subscriber treasures the discs and plays them many times over.

"Of all the work I have ever done, this is the most satisfying," Dr. Smith told me. "Piles of letters come to my desk here, such appreciative letters from our blind friends that one feels it is a privilege to carry on the work of the John Milton Society." There are many favorable comments on

the *Talking Book Magazine*:

"The editorials and articles are most helpful. I have read and re-read these records, and they never grow old or fail to uplift the spirit."

A clergyman, suddenly blinded in an accident, put it this way:

"The John Milton Society filled a great need in my life and work. The initials of the Society, JMS, soon came to mean to me what they mean to thousands of others: JUST MORE SIGHT. The talking book magazines . . . set forth the spirit of victorious living."

It is obvious that the Society is accomplishing much to meet an even greater need. "What," I asked Dr. Smith, "can we do—we who admire its work and appreciate our blessing of sight?"

"The first answer is obvious," he told me with a humorous smile. "We depend on contributions from individuals, church school classes, and church groups, for we only receive token support of about 5 per cent of our budget from denominational boards. Incidentally, the blind themselves are very generous contributors, though many of them have little. We welcome interest and support from both individuals and church groups, and would like to have more of them know about our program. Perhaps you know of some classes or clubs which would be interested in borrowing some of our special records to use as program material.* We have some that have been used on national broadcasts that tell our story well.

"But there is another way to help—and that is to spread word of our work to the blind themselves. There is one blind person to about every five hundred in our country, and this adds up to many thousands, with the number growing. We would like to have you send us the names of any sightless persons you know who would like to receive our Protestant Christian literature in Braille or in our talking book magazine.

"We are here to serve them!"

*Address inquiries to the John Milton Society, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. In Canada address Mrs. C. W. Reynolds, 355 King St. W., Toronto 28, Ontario.



For one of the final get-togethers before school opens in September, what could be nicer than a snack party? This can be either an indoor or outdoor affair, the main theme of the party being the snack refreshment table, which, if desired, can be placed out of doors beneath a tree, or near an open barbecue pit.

Wherever located, the table should contain all the makings for a large variety of refreshments, assembled in such a manner that the guests can make their own, whatever their choices may be.

The following suggestions may be of service to the hostesses. Plenty of paper plates, cups, and napkins, with plastic knives, forks, and spoons. Buns for hamburgers and hot dogs, with white and brown loaf bread for sandwiches. Butter, peanut butter, potted ham, sandwich spread, two varieties of cheese, potato chips, and pickles (both sweet and dill). Cottage cheese seasoned ready for use, celery, radishes, carrots, deviled eggs, or plain hard-boiled eggs. For dessert have plenty of fresh fruits of various kinds, such as apples, oranges, peaches, pears, grapes, or any such fruits obtainable at that time of the year in your locality.

If a barbecue pit or outdoor stove is available, the guests will enjoy roasting their own hot dogs, and toasting marshmallows for dessert.

Of course, the snack table is really the satisfactory ending to a party of this nature. So let's begin all over again and start with the arrival of the guests.

As the boys and girls assemble, pin on each one a card on which has been printed the letter with which his, or her, first name begins. Also hand each arrival a pencil and a slip of paper. Then explain that words are to be spelled. Thus, John, who is wearing the letter J, would find either a girl or boy who was wearing the letter A. Then together these two would go in search of another person wearing a letter that would spell a word when added to their



Snack Party

J and A. So they might find an M and spell jam, or R and make jar, or a W and have jaw. Four-letter or even five-letter words are sometimes as easy to assemble as three-letter words if one happens to get a good start. Since, however, the object of the game is to be a part of as many words as possible in the allotted time, the three-letter words count up faster. As soon as a complete word is formed, each member of that combination writes that word on his slip of paper. Then each one starts out to find, or form, another word that he can join, thus adding to his list. Two prizes are offered at the end of this game. One goes to the person having the longest list of words spelled, and the other prize is won by the player having piled up the largest total of letters. Thus, the longer words spelled have a chance to win the second prize.

After this active, moving-around game a more quiet one can be introduced. Distribute pencils and paper on which the following articles that should be found on a snack table, have been written in jumbled-letter fashion. The prize goes to the player who first unscrambles the letters in all the answer words. The words are 1. rubtte, 2. daber, 3. oht gdos, 4. vinesk, 5. scpu, 6. echsee, 7. kicsep, 8. rituf, 9. salpet, 10. bumragerh. The correct answers are 1. butter, 2. bread, 3. hot dogs, 4. knives, 5. cups, 6. cheese, 7. pickles, 8. fruit, 9. plates, 10. hamburger.

Cookie Partners. Pair the contestants by having the girls draw numbered cookies from one dish, while the boys draw their cookies from another dish. This time let the girls find their partners by comparing the number on their cookies with those that the boys drew, until each one finds a matching number. Each couple works together while making their refreshments. Couples are also paired for the next game.

String Splicers. Before the arrival of the guests, the hostesses have cut a large number of two-, three-,

and four-foot lengths of string from a ball of twine and hidden the pieces about the yard in trees, under stones, in bushes, on fences, or anywhere not too easy to find. When the time comes for the contest, announce that the players, in couples, are to look for the pieces of string and tie the pieces that they find together before proceeding to hunt for more pieces. At the end of a previously announced time limit, a hostess beats on a tin pan, calling them all back to the starting place. The strings are then measured, and the couple having the longest string of pieces tied together wins the prize.

An appropriate prize for any game at a party of this kind could be a small box of salted nuts, a big peppermint candy cane, a chocolate bar tied with fancy ribbon, a paper cup of ice cream, or a bottle of some kind of ice-cold soft drink.

Snick-Snack. The players form a circle, either sitting or standing. The leader takes his place in the center. When all are in place, the leader suddenly points to someone and calls either "snick" or "snack" and begins to count from one to ten out loud. If "snick" is called, the person pointed to must repeat the FIRST name of the person on his LEFT before the count of ten is reached. If "snack" is called, the person pointed to must repeat the LAST name of the person on his RIGHT before the count of ten, all of which is most confusing. If the player succeeds in either case, then the leader must try again with someone else. If the player does not succeed, he changes places with the leader and the game continues. The leader may at any time call "snick-snack," and all the players must change places, thus giving each player two new neighbors whose names he must have on the tip of his tongue. The person who is leader the fewest number of times

After everyone has eaten, school songs and yells will make an appropriate finish for a party of this kind, leaving everyone in the best of spirits.

by Shields T. Hardin

So You Are

"We are going to move!" What pastor has not heard those words from members of his congregation more times than he cares to recall? Living as some of us do in a metropolitan area, where people come and go so often, we feel, as stated by one minister, that we are pastors of a procession. America is on the move as never before. Industries are moving from the crowded cities to the suburban and open country areas. New communities are springing up overnight, and workers are being shifted from one location to another. In the midst of all this stands the Christian church. No one is going to change the moving situation, and not even the church can halt this trend. The church can help, however, in preparing its people for the experience of their moving. In the past the church has not done too well in preparing its members in moving from one place to

another. As a result many members are now lost to the church who might have been active members if the church had been more alert to its possibilities and opportunities.

Usually, when a member explains to the minister that he is going to move, the minister responds by expressing his regret and offering him best wishes. When this is the extent of the farewell, it may also be the extent of the church life for many of these moving members. To be sure, we now have more members on our church rolls than we ever had before; but an examination of any church record will show that a large percentage of these are non-resident, and therefore non-active members. A church that erases a large number of members from its roll has cause for concern, because somehow it failed them. Many of these lost interest in their church membership long before they left the church. Before erasing members from the roll of the church which I have the honor of serving as pastor, we follow a system, the idea of which I secured from a former teacher, Albert W. Beaven. After a person has been out of the city for some time, we send to him a letter from the Board of Deacons in which we enclose the following list, asking that it be filled out and returned to the church:

1—I desire to remain a member of the _____
_____ Church, and hereby make my pledge:
Current expense _____; Benevolence _____.

2—I desire to remain a member of the _____
_____ Church, and ask to be excused
from making a pledge for the following reason: _____
_____.

3—I have found a satisfactory church home and
ask that my letter be transferred to the _____
_____ Church.

4—Please remove my name from the roll of the
_____ Church.

If there is no response to our letter, no interest manifested by the absentee member, then the Board of Deacons recommends to the church that such names be removed from the church records. This, however, does not solve the real problem, because those removed are lost to the life of the church, both in this city and in the cities in which they are now living. Why do so many members fail to transfer their membership when they move? The chief reasons are, no doubt, a lack of a deep conviction of their faith; a

When a new family moves into the community, the church should extend a friendly hand by having someone call on them.

—Merrim from Monkmeyer



Going to Move!

failure to appreciate the importance of their church membership; an excuse about not wanting to leave the old home church; a desire to shirk financial responsibility; and an unwillingness to work in the program of the church. Once again the church must accept a large share of the responsibility for this failure, because it did not instill in these members a deeper faith, a greater sense of responsibility, and a basis of Christian stewardship.

Some time ago I had the privilege of welcoming into the Rotary Club the executive secretary of our YMCA, who had recently moved to our city. I used a bush with numerous roots to represent the different facets of our new member's life—his home, YMCA, social and church life; the life, school, and activities of his wife and children. All of these roots had been pulled up in another city, and we as members of a service club wanted to assist him as he transplanted them into the life of our city. In this case the secretary, being a fine Christian layman, brought his church letter to the city and planted it in a local church. In many cases, however, a member will pull

up all the roots of his life in a city, except the church root, and transplant them in the city to which he is moving. Then he expects the church root to grow and flourish, separated from the vine.

Some better program needs to be developed in our churches to help the moving members. I would like to make some suggestions both to the church and to the member who is going to move. When a person tells his minister that he is going to move, the minister should convince that member of the importance of taking his membership with him soon after he is located in his new home. Many people who move to a new community do not like to join a new church because they don't know anyone. It is the duty of the minister to assure these people that they will soon make friends after they begin to take an active part in the life of the church. Then, too, the minister can tell a member who is going to move that he will write to the minister of his denomination in the city to which the member is moving, so that a church can contact him when he arrives in his new home. If the minister

(Continued on page 28)

—Mary Anna White



A church should have teas or receptions during the year so that newcomers can have an opportunity to meet other members of the church.

Worship in the family with children

To Use with Younger Children

The Best Summer

Dale, and big brother Tom, and Mother sat on the porch one hot summer day.

"This has been a good summer, hasn't it?" Mother said.

Tom nodded. "Yes, we have had a lot of fun," he replied.

"What have you liked best of all?" Mother asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I liked it when Cousin Bill was here. I've liked the picnics, and building the float with Dad. All of it has been fun."

Dale sat quietly, a little smile on his face. He knew that Mother would ask him what he had liked about summer. But she knew without asking!

"Dale," Mother said, "what have you liked?"

"You know, Mother," Dale said, his smile growing bigger.

"What?"

"Learning to swim," he answered proudly.

"Of course," Tom said. "I remember how glad I was when I had learned to swim! I know just how you feel!" he added.

"But that isn't all," Dale said softly.

"What else?" Mother asked.

"Having my sailboat has made it the best summer, too."

Mother nodded, remembering how much Dale had wanted the sailboat. Tom nodded, too, remembering how Dale had waited for it a long time.

"Why aren't we down at the lake right now?" Mother asked. "Soon the summer will be over; then we can't play in the water. Let's see who can be dressed first!"

Tom, Dale, and Mother came out of their rooms at almost the same

time, each dressed in his swim suit.

"Beat you to the lake," Mother said, running down the walk. But Tom got there first, and jumped in and swam to the float bobbing up and down in the water.

Dale walked into the lake, and paddled around near the shore.

"This water feels good," he said to Mother.

"Yes," she answered, "it always feels good on a hot day."

The sailboat was floating in the shallow water between Dale and the shore. Dale floated on his back, then turned and floated on his stomach.

"Mother," he asked, "how does the boat float? Why do I float? Are we alike in some way?"

"No, you are not alike. The water supports both of you."

"But how?"

"That is part of God's good plan," Mother said. "We cannot understand all about it, but we can enjoy it anyway."

—A. Devaney, Inc.



Theme for August:

Happy Summertime

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

To Use with Older Children

To Think About

Summer is a happy time. Different people enjoy different things about it. Look at the picture on this page. What is in it that would make someone happy?

Look at the flowers and leaves. Do you know anyone who would enjoy them? Look at the different grasses. Do you know someone who would be interested in them?

Can you imagine what the boys are thinking about? Are they on vacation, or do you suppose that they live in the country, and that this is more like work than play to them?

Do you think the boy in the middle lives there, or is he the visitor? Why do you think so?

Does this picture make you think of a song? If so, what is it? Can you sing it?

Write or tell a story about this picture. If there are several of you looking at it, each one may write his own story. Then you may read and compare them to see how different, or how much alike they are.

There are verses in the Bible that may come to your mind as you look at and think about the picture. See if you can remember any of them. Then look at the verses printed here. Do you think they refer to scenes like this one?

"While the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."

—Genesis 8:22.

Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys;
they flow between the hills,
they give drink to every beast of the field;
Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle,
and plants for man to cultivate,
That he may bring forth food from the earth.

—Psalm 104:10-11, 14.

Dear God, thank you for your good plan for summer, and for all that we enjoy in your world. Help us to work with your plan. Amen.

The Lovely World

God made the lovely world
And every lovely thing;
He made the flowers that bloom,
The birds that nest and sing.

He made the clouds that float,
The blossoms frail and sweet;
The sturdy trees for shade,
And fruit we see and eat.

He gives us fog and rain,
The rainbow, too, he sends;
He gives us loving homes,
And relatives and friends.

How beautiful the world!
Bright rainbow, cloud and trees,
A family, home and love—
I thank You, God, for these!

—Nona Keen Duffy¹

God Must Love Color

God must love color
For early each year
He covers the earth
With blooms far and near.

In summer he covers
The earth in bright green
And the cool morning dew
Adds a silvery sheen.

In autumn the colors
Are a sight to behold,
A flaming bright red
With yellow and gold.

In winter, to show
His wondrous might,
He covers the ground
With a blanket of white.

—Karl S. Andrus²

—Eva Luoma



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For Family Worship

If you have established the habit of arranging a worship center to help the members of your family to worship, there is a great variety of materials from which to choose at this time of year: flowers, grasses, seed pods, and the open Bible.

Call to Worship:

"Fear not, O land;
be glad and rejoice,
for the Lord has done great
things!"

—Joel 2:21

Song: Sing your favorite song about summer, or about God's world, or choose between these songs in the primary pupil's book for year three, summer quarter: "For the Beauty of the Earth," found on page 6, and "God Made Us a Beautiful World," found on

page 18. You may wish to ask one member of your family to make this choice.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 105:1-2.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation about a favorite passage of scripture, the call to worship, the scripture passage suggested, or the song which was sung.

Prayer: Use "A Prayer," page 20 of the primary pupil's book for year three, summer quarter; use the one on page 19; or use the litany printed on this page.

Poem: Have a member of your family read his favorite poem; or use one of those printed on these pages.

Song: You may close your worship by singing one of the songs not used earlier in the service.

—Eva Luoma



Thank You, God

(A Litany)

For the summertime
With its warm days to roam,
And long evenings to wonder;
With its rush of cool rain,
And lightning and thunder,
Thank you, God.

For the summertime
With its fragrance of flowers,
And the sweet-smelling dew,
On a star-lighted night,
When the moon is just new,
Thank you, God.

For the summertime,
With days to roam and evenings
to wonder,
We like the feel of the friendly
dark,
And the sweet low call of the
"twilight" lark,
Thank you, God.

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

Bedtime

Goodnight to toys,
And a beautiful day;
Time now for Donna¹
To finish her play.

Soft glow of starlight
Fills darkening skies;
Flowers and birdies
Have closed sleepy eyes.

Time now for bathing
And brushing of hair;
Time now for a story,
A kiss, and a prayer.

—Nona Keen Duffy

For Summer

Thank you, dear God, for summer
fun,
For splashing waves and wind and
sun,
For treasure miles of warm white
sand
Between the ocean and the land:
Thank you for sea gulls taking
wing,
For each and every lovely thing,
Thank you, dear God!

—Eleanor Dennis²

¹Substitute your child's name.

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LADY DAY

by
ESTHER
FRESHMAN

"Clickity-click-clickity-click. Cloppity-clop-clop-clop-clop."

Down the street, down the street came the sounds. A few people looked out of their windows to see what it could be. It wasn't a horse. It wasn't wooden shoes. But it *was* shoes. Mothers' shoes. Val and Wendy and Margot came down the street as fast as their small feet would carry them in their mothers' high-heeled shoes. They had on mother-hats and mother-dresses: long, sweeping mother-dresses. But most wonderful of all, they had mother-handbags. Margot had the best, a mother-over-the-shoulder-bag. Of course, it hit her ankles, and walking was not made any easier. But it was a wonderful bag with a gold clasp and a great round mirror inside. When Val and Wendy and Margot put their heads close together and looked into the mirror, they could almost see all three faces at once!

Today they were playing Lady Day. It was fun to go down the street in high-heeled shoes and make clicking noises.

"Mother is letting me wear her red checked beach skirt. See, it twirls!" Proudly, Val swept around in a circle to show how the red dress would spread out. But lady-shoes with high heels don't twirl when your feet fit in only half of them. Down went Val on the sidewalk—kerplunk! Tears came into her lovely blue eyes.

"Ladies don't cry," Margot said, unclasping her over-the-shoulder-bag and looking very much like a grown-up lady.

"I'm not crying," Val said. "It's the sun in my eyes." Maybe a lady didn't get up off the ground all in a squirm either, but long dresses and high-heeled shoes have to be handled differently.

"That's water in your eyes," said Wendy, twitching her skirt so the

gold zipper would be in the front and be more zippable. "Sun doesn't make water in your eyes. Rain makes water."

Val looked sad and rather angry.

Margot said, "Oh, let's play ladies-in-the-rain."

"Let's," said Wendy. I want to be a lady-in-the-rain and get all wet."

Val was up now and feeling better but not too happy about Wendy.

She said like a very haughty lady: "Ladies don't get wet in the rain. They carry umbrellas. I have a silk umbrella. It's green, and Mother said I could have it for Lady Day. I'll go get it!"

"Clickity-click, cloppity-clop" went Val down the block in her mother-shoes. Pretty soon "clickity-click, cloppity-clop" back she came with the green umbrella.

Wendy and Margot thought it was quite a wonderful umbrella. It was silk. It opened. And it

had a little hole in it. So much the better! You could peek right up out of the hole and see if it were a sunny day or a rainy day.

Val kept carrying the umbrella. Margot didn't have one. Wendy didn't have one either. Val didn't say a word about Margot carrying the umbrella. She didn't say a word about Wendy carrying the umbrella. Val just carried the umbrella open and walked ahead of them—clickity-click, cloppity-

(Continued on page 28)





Apron-

String

Parents

by Emil Kontz

Although made the butt of many jokes, "apron strings" are necessary in many ways. This article tells you how to use them wisely.

A *tether* is a suitable analogy for our subject. Rural folk may readily see the application. City readers may need an enlightening illustration. One of my boyhood recollections is that of seeing our lone cow tethered in our unfenced pasture. The tether consisted of a long rope tied to a metal stake driven into the ground. The other end of the rope was fastened to the collar around the cow's neck. This arrangement allowed the family cow considerable liberty in seeking and enjoying pasture. At the same time it limited the animal's roaming possibilities and kept her from straying away into trouble or danger. Likewise, "apron-string" parents exercise direct control over their children to protect them from harm and wrong.

While the above example is inadequate in some ways, the situation is not without its bearing on the relations between concerned parents and growing children. As a matter of fact, I recall an interesting illustration cited by the author of a book on the Christian family. Here it is: A father took his child for a boat ride on rather treacherous water for the first time. He wondered whether he should allow the boy to explore the boat near the rail, a dangerous place, or whether he should forbid him to do so. He decided that he would let his child roam about the boat, but first he tied a rope around the boy's waist and tied the other end securely to the deck. After a while, the boy fell overboard and had to be fished out. The rope had saved him from disaster. The author states, however, that it is not always possible to use a rope.

Parents cannot indeed always exercise direct and

immediate control over their children. Nor should good parents desire to do so. A recent trip abroad suggests another illustration. The privilege and responsibility of parents is not unlike the part played by a tug in starting an ocean liner on its seaward journey. The tug is fastened to the liner by stout cables. The tug pulls the ship slowly out of the safety of the sheltered harbor, out along the marked channels, past shoals and rocks toward the open sea. Then the ship proceeds on its own, free of its cables, guided now by invisible but unerring forces giving it direction by the ship's own compass. Too many parents want to supervise the whole journey! That is neither necessary nor desirable. Our job as parents is to help our children off to a good start and to provide them with "built-in" means of self-direction. We only start the trip, though we affect the whole journey. Our task is temporary, but its results are permanent.

"Apron strings" have often been made the butt of jokes and objects of scorn. True, apron strings, to use the phrase in its customary figurative sense, have often been the "leash" by which possessive and selfish parents have limited and hindered their own children. As a result, both parties have suffered loss; the child, missing the thrill of adventure and discovery, and the parents, missing the satisfaction of having taught and demonstrated self-reliance and self-direction. On the other hand, as the opening illustrations indicate, for many growing youngsters apron strings have proved to be a saving restraint and a blessed protection. Many children and youth have been spared

from awkward embarrassment and even perilous danger by parents of foresight who exercised a wholesome and useful measure of wise and gentle control. So, children need to realize that *up to* a certain point apron strings can be helpful, while parents need to know that beyond a certain point apron strings can be harmful. Our purpose in this article, and through the meeting it intends to inspire, is to examine briefly the balance of freedom and control in the relations of growing children and their parents.

Home—a Dynamic Relationship

Perhaps the basic clue in this study lies in the word *growing*. No static conception of children will do. Children are characterized by growth—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. Because they are growing daily, they are constantly changing. What applies to one age or stage of growth seldom suits or serves a later period. This is obvious enough, even though often overlooked or forgotten. But what of parents? Have they remained static throughout the years? Unfortunately, too many parents have ceased to grow in other ways when they have grown up physically. But Christian parents are obligated to grow constantly in knowledge, faith, love, and charac-

"Apron strings" should not be a "leash" used by possessive parents to stifle and hinder their children. Rather, they should be used as wise and gentle control to guide children as they grow up.

—Harold M. Lambert



Study Guide and Article for Parents' Groups

ter. The control that they exercise will likewise be plastic and flexible, changing with their growing understanding of their children and with their children's growing sense of independence and responsibility.

Such a dynamic viewpoint is clearly indicated in the Bible in reference to Jesus. In Luke's Gospel (Luke 2:52) it is reported: "And as Jesus *grew up* in body and mind, he *grew also* in the love of God and of those who knew him" (Phillips' translation). Here is suggested the familiar fourfold development of a well-balanced Christian life: physical stature, mental understanding, social relations, and spiritual awareness. In the divine plan, this development takes place most naturally and effectively in a home setting—in the daily experiences of parents and children. So Jesus grew up in the Nazareth home, and so children develop in our own homes.

Consider, for example, how our present concern—the opportunity for freedom and control—expressed itself in the Nazareth home. Parents of growing children need to read more realistically and imaginatively the illuminating account of the Nazareth family in Luke 2:40-52. Here is a revealing report of an event in the boyhood experience of Jesus, which shows clearly the problem occasioned by his budding independence and their overanxious parental concern. The fact that it happened, and when and how, are all important. That this incident occurred in the life of Jesus' family is another indication of the normal, human relationships in which he grew up. It came as Jesus became 12 years of age, the period of adolescence—always the crucial time when all children start the difficult shift from childhood, with its decreasing dependency, toward adulthood, with its increasing self-direction. This happened in connection with Jesus' fulfilling of the Jewish custom of a youth's becoming a "son of Torah" upon reaching the age of 12. At this time youths of the Jewish faith are given their own tallith or prayer shawl, and they stand with their elders as accepted members of the congregation. Note in the Gospel record the following: that Jesus for some days desired and delighted to be "on his own," away from Mary and Joseph's immediate oversight. See, too, how concerned Mary and Joseph were when they became aware of his continued absence from them. Catch the evident mild, parental scolding on the part of Mary when Jesus was finally found in the temple. Do not fail to observe Jesus' tender rebuke, coupled with the firm assertion of his right and duty to be where he was. Finally, see how all this notwithstanding, Jesus yields for the present to parental authority and returns cheerfully to Nazareth, where he submits to the

discipline of the loving and limiting relationships of his own family. Here, for the careful reader, is a vivid report of that unfolding emancipation which is latent in every adolescent.

Home Relations in a Growing Family

It is not difficult after the foregoing to see why the home is so crucial in the lives of our children. Several reasons can be cited for the importance of the home in the shaping of our children's personality and character. Of all the institutions which influence children, the home has the children first and longest. The home has the children during their most formative years, when they are most receptive and responsive. Besides, the home has children under its continuous influence, day in and day out, year in and year out. The fact is significant that the home conditions children both by direct and indirect effort, by teaching as well as by example. For these and other

reasons, parents need to be sensitive toward changes of the days and the progress of the years through which their children achieve a mature personality and a wholesome character.

Furthermore, parents help inculcate the basic ideas and habits of their children: toward themselves, in their physical health, mental development, and moral integrity; toward others, in their home and in their outside relations; toward life, to changing experiences which make up our daily experiences; toward God, to ultimate realities of truth, divine love, goodness, and grace. In a very real sense, parents have the privilege not only to interpret but also to incarnate the basic realities which affect their children for time and for eternity!

We must remember that it is in the creative matrix of the family that fundamental needs are most fully and normally satisfied. A wise student of human behavior, W. I. Thomas, has suggested that all persons have four basic wishes or desires which motivate their

Study Guide

Preparation for the Meeting

This meeting is scheduled for August. This is a difficult time, for many people are on vacation. So plans for this meeting should be developed early in the summer. Have some attractive posters placed about the church. Adult groups should have good announcements of it.

Weeks before the meeting, distribute copies of this issue of *Hearthstone* to those who will participate in the meeting. Make your assignments specific. Various sections of the article could be given to different people. Encourage some further reading on the subject.

Conducting the Meeting

A devotional period along the lines suggested will later help to create a suitable atmosphere for the representation and discussion of this interesting and important subject.

Perhaps the meeting could begin by having someone give in his own words the opening illustrations of the article. These are intended to stimulate thought without resolving the issues at first. Then have a panel of three speakers present the material in the main body of the article, each person being allowed five or six minutes. Divide the audience into several small groups, and have each group consider and discuss the pros and cons of freedom vs. control for eight or ten minutes. Following such group discussion, in which salient points are jotted down for sharing, each group reports the major points of agreement or disagreement considered. This could very well prepare the way for a general and spirited discussion of various aspects of the subject by the whole meeting. Remember that the larger the measure of participation in the thought and discus-

sion of this subject, the larger the degree of interest and benefit.

Resources for the Meeting

As always, the Bible is the basic resource for a Christian group discussing this important subject. Have several copies of the Bible handy to look up the references indicated and any others which might be suggested. Your church library may have several books on the Christian family. There is increasing literature dealing with the needs and problems of family life. Many public libraries have a wide selection of such books. Have several of them reserved in advance for the leaders and members of your group. Magazine articles, newspaper clippings, pictures, and similar materials may serve a useful purpose. Your denominational publication headquarters will have a selection of helpful pamphlets and leaflets in this field. Write to them well in advance and order generous quantities for distribution after the meeting.

Here are two further items of program material which may be used somewhere in the meeting.

First is a pertinent poem entitled "Apron Strings":

"I'm all tied up in ventures into worldly sort of things,

But the ties which bind me tightest are my mother's apron strings.

Whenever I may stray a bit, I feel them tugging still

And straining hard to hold me back. I guess they always will.

Oh, apron strings are heartstrings, and never come untied.

They're woven from the woof of life, defying time and tide.

Though broken are most ties that bind us to the days long past,

(Continued on page 30)

life: 1) The desire for security and safety. 2) The desire for new experiences. 3) The desire for approval and appreciation. 4) The desire for comradeship and belonging. Even passing reflection upon these essential motives will bring the sure realization that parents and their growing children have a unique opportunity to find satisfactions in seeking to fulfill them together. Indeed, the family provides the most suitable setting and the most helpful incentives for the realization of these basic needs.

One final truth needs to be emphasized. So far our concern has been largely directed toward the development of wholesome, well-rounded personalities in our children. Parental control and direction must not be permitted to prolong unduly the dependence of children, in emotional stability, moral integrity, and spiritual perception. Parents need to be persuaded of the joy in gradually relinquishing their own supervision to the growing emancipation of their offspring. There is another important reason for doing so. Our

present world needs and demands people who are capable of self-direction. Perhaps the most critical issue of our time is between freedom and control. The issue will be finally determined by increasing the number of persons who deeply desire and constructively use freedom, while courageously resisting domination and control. Where are such persons developed, if not in Christian homes! In a recent year, the national Family Week observance in this country had as its slogan, "Love in the Home—Peace in the World!" Homes are the vital and potent units out of which a better world will be built ultimately. Mankind will be emancipated from want and fear and tyranny only as people are personally emancipated from fear and insecurity and hate. Too many people are tied down by all sorts of "strings"—from apron strings to political strings. Christian parents have the privilege and responsibility of rearing a generation of youth who will "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

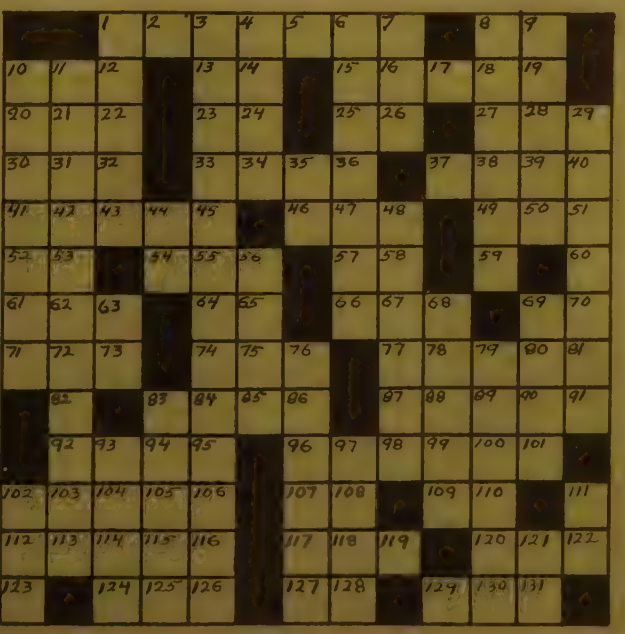
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- A Where expert divers perform ----- 111 121 23 105
- B Red berry Christmas decoration ----- 103 26 39 115 20
- C Shamrock color ----- 45 24 112 51 10
- D Kind of person who wants biggest share ----- 64 31 5 28 68 128
- E Soft and chewy, like some bread ----- 131 47 30 80 50 46
- F April first is their day ----- 33 65 38 63 102
- G Fuel for the fireplace ----- 42 113 58 119
- H The Army mascot ----- 109 48 100 81
- I The Navy mascot ----- 124 21 104 12
- J He calls the balls and strikes ----- 94 36 99 43 4 71
- K Sometimes gravy is like this ----- 15 22 127 114 54
- L First part of the name of this tree is "pussy" ----- 49 61 77 87 75 69
- M Kind of person Jack killed, in the fable ----- 129 59 66 118 7
- N Umbrella kind of weather ----- 123 117 82 67 74
- O Third of a yard ----- 37 125 11 25
- P Bag that floats in the air ----- 107 6 40 86 41 93 44
- Q Part of a comb ----- 13 78 98 29 70

R Noisier -----	106 130 56 79 108 72
S Place where green things are grown -----	57 27 9 1 32 53 95 92
T Opening into a house -----	89 14 35 52 83 17 110
U Heavy downpour or flood -----	126 19 62 76 90 91
V Nickname for Mr. Reese, famous baseball player -----	96 16 101 60 97 73
W Policeman on a horse, especially in Canada -----	8 88 122 2 3 120
X Name of a boy whose nickname is "Ollie" -----	55 85 84 18 116 34

(Solution on page 28)



The Most Alive

Man in Town

by Vincent Edwards

Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, earned this title after his death. Here is an interesting biographical sketch about a very unusual man.

Brooklyn's Plymouth Church was packed that morning. It was always that way on Sunday. When the minister rose in the pulpit, however, many started to leave. This man was a stranger!

Then they heard him say, "All those who came to worship Henry Ward Beecher this morning may depart at this time. The rest will stay to worship God."

The exodus slowed down. It was felt that the unknown preacher might be worth hearing after all.

He should have been. As minister of the First Congregational Church of Elmira, New York, the brother of the great antislavery orator had certainly earned his own niche of fame. His influence still endures, for in 1924, twenty-four years after his death, the secretary of the Elmira YMCA admitted that he found Thomas K. Beecher "the most alive man in town."

He came to Elmira in September, 1854. The tenth son of the celebrated minister, Lyman Beecher, in his college days in Illinois Thomas K. Beecher had known Abraham Lincoln, and had made a living as machinist, car-

penter, and teacher before he yielded to his father's urgings and finally entered the ministry.

At the hour set for Mr. Beecher's first service, the Elmira congregation were all in their places. Down the center aisle of the church came a slender, good-looking young man. Before mounting the pulpit, the new minister tossed his felt visor cap onto a chair. The gesture was unimportant, and yet it was a kind of notice that Thomas K. Beecher had thrown his clerical hat into the ring of Elmira's community life.

He soon outraged his more sedate brethren in the ministerial union. What were they to think of a clergyman who joined a whist club, who sang college songs, and who played on the "Lively Turtles" baseball team? This new associate even claimed that a Christian had as much right to wholesome fun as the next person.

At the very outset the young pastor announced that he would make no pastoral calls, as he was not adapted to the house-to-house gladhanding. Instead, he had engaged two rooms downtown

where he would be available for any need. He promised: "If you are sick and need a watcher, I will watch with you. If you are poor and need someone to saw wood for you, I will saw wood for you. I can read the paper for you if you need anybody to do that." Persons who took him at his word found out that he meant everything he said.

Nowadays, when most cities have public libraries and YMCA's, and churches sponsor Boy and Girl Scout troops, the time when these community organizations did not exist seems remote and beyond imagining. Elmira was as barren in this respect as other places when Thomas Beecher first came there.

Right away he started to fill the gap. With books from his own library and those of his parishioners, he opened Elmira's first free public library in his church rooms. For the boys of his congregation he planned games and even played with the young chaps himself. He rented other rooms for the women's sewing circle to meet and to hold social gatherings.

The ministerial union was more

shocked than ever by such activities. When their fellow member gave his support to the building of a new opera house in Elmira on condition that he could use it for Sunday evening services, the other ministers denounced him from their pulpits. Later, when the crowds more than filled the new auditorium, the angry clergymen went so far as to expel him from their society.

It didn't bother Thomas Beecher much. When Samuel Clemens heard about it, he sat down and wrote a blistering letter to the city daily, flaying the other clerics quite mercilessly. The wrath of a Mark Twain was

not in this victim of ecclesiastic petulance. Without a sign of unfriendliness, the preacher went his serene way, trying to conduct his church in the way that he believed Christ would approve.

When summer came, he held his morning services amid the flowers and trees of Eldridge Park on the outskirts of Elmira. Those open-air meetings drew increasing throngs, although other ministers called it a sin for the street railway company to run cars on Sunday to this spot where Mr. Beecher was seen in a white duck suit and a white felt hat.

It had always been a strong conviction of the Elmira pastor that no good citizen could refuse a political candidacy when others insisted. Accordingly, his name was always appearing on one ticket or another—Republican, Democratic, Prohibitionist, and even Greenback. But he was never elected. He was far too outspoken about party conduct as it conflicted with his conscience.

Once he served briefly as school superintendent. Another time he was made bridge commissioner, an office for which he was well-qualified. The city "bosses" did allow him one permanent berth, however. Year in and year out he regulated Elmira's town clock. After a while people even got so they called it the "Tom clock" after the custodian. That the famous preacher took his duties religiously was shown by more than one incident. On a certain night in Buffalo, at the close of a lecture, he remembered that he had forgotten to wind the clock. Bidding his friends a breathless good-by, he managed to catch the last train home to perform his duty. From the sundial in his yard, he figured the time so accurately that even railroad men depended on Elmira's clock, calling it "Beecher time." Engineers and trainmen were among his devoted friends. They let him ride in the cab and run the locomotive when he took a train trip.

(Continued on page 28)



—Illustration by Natalie Roten

● Lady Day

(Continued from page 21)

clop.

Margot took off her over-the-shoulder-lady-bag. "You could wear my over-the-shoulder-lady-bag, Val," she said wistfully.

Val stopped, smiled, and holding her green umbrella a little tilted, reached for the bag. She had to put the umbrella down to put the lady-bag over her shoulder.

Margot reached for the umbrella and started down the street. "Clickity-click, cloppity—"

"Give me my umbrella, give it to me!" Val pulled hard at Margot. Wendy came and pulled, too. Finally, Val quit pulling. She took off the lady-bag, and she swung it in the air right at Wendy.

Wendy ducked her head. She started to cry. Then she looked at Val. She said very slowly, "You aren't gracious. Mother says ladies are gracious."

Val wasn't at all sure what gracious meant. But if ladies were gracious, she certainly wasn't going to have any part of the lady game left out.

"I am so, gracious—I am a lady with a long skirt and high-heeled shoes, and I have a green umbrella." She said this with a little doubt in her voice, for Margot was still holding the umbrella.

"What is gracious?" Margot asked, twirling the umbrella round and round.

Wendy made a little frown and thought hard about what her mother had said. Then she said in her reciting-a-piece-voice, "A gracious lady always shares. Mother had a red umbrella, and she shared it with Mrs. Johns; and when Mrs. Johns brings it back, Mother will share it with me. I won't need your umbrella, Val. Our umbrella is a red one, and it has a plastic handle!"

Val looked sad.

Wendy had more to say, "A gracious lady never hits anyone. My mother is a gracious lady, and she never hits anyone—not ever me, or Toby, our dog, or anyone. My mother just smiles and smiles."

Val was listening hard. The sun was shining on ladies-in-the-rain-day. All of a sudden there was that water in Val's eyes again. Then she took her hand and brushed the tears—the water—away. Val smiled and smiled.

"Let's play gracious lady!" she said, and her smile made all the water in her eyes go away. "Let's play gracious lady and share and smile. We can all walk under the umbrella together and all hold it at the same time."

"Let's," said all three of the gracious ladies.

"Clickity-click, cloppity-clop," down the street go Wendy and Margot and Val. Margot holds the umbrella in the middle of the handle. Val goes beside her on the outside of the walk. She holds the lower part of the handle. Wendy goes beside Margot on the inside of the walk, and she holds the upper part of the handle.

"Clickity-click, cloppity-clop." A few people are looking out of the window to see what that sound can be. Is it a horse? No. Is it wooden shoes? No. And the people look again and they smile. For there down the street, under the green umbrella, go three gracious ladies—"clickity-click, cloppity-clop."

● The Most Alive Man in Town

(Continued from page 27)

Something of the fascination that this pastor felt for the world around him was passed along to the group of high school boys that met in his study once a week. They never forgot how he sent them out to study bridges and houses and engines and to report on their construction. Their reward came in being allowed to help regulate the town clock.

All sorts of stories grew up about "Father Tom," as Beecher came to be called in his latter days. Every Sunday morning, before church time, he used to borrow ten dollars from Jervis Langdon, his most loyal supporter. He always paid it back the same day. Finally, Mr. Langdon inquired why he did this. "I feel more spunky preaching with money in my pocket!" the pastor answered.

It was his custom, too, to dine out with the neighbors before meeting his church school teachers on Thursday evenings. But sometimes the Langdons got a notice, "Boiled dinner around the corner this evening so will eat with you." The "dominie" was evidently no ascetic!

When "Father Tom" found out that a group of his parishioners was raising a fund for his old age, he was highly indignant. He insisted that every penny be returned. He ex-

ploded, "I've always counted on being a worthy object of charity in my old age, and I don't propose to be thwarted!"

After being in Elmira for twenty years, the campaign for a new church was launched. Mark Twain made the first appeal through the city press, in which he led off with an imaginary comment of Beecher's: "When I came to Elmira, the First Congregational Church was perhaps the worst building in Elmira. I think the building has held its own ever since. . ."

The response was overwhelming. It had been explained that a sum of \$50,000 was needed, but inside of five weeks \$65,000 had been pledged. As the Langdons had promised to duplicate this amount, the overjoyed pastor had \$130,000 to build the edifice that he had long dreamed of, with auditorium, church school rooms, gymnasium, library, theater, and a recreation room for the children.

When the big building was finished, it was nearly a city block in length. Every detail of construction had been supervised by the minister. When Henry Ward Beecher saw it, he told his brother, "Tom, when I go, I shall leave behind me no such great monument to my life's work."

It was through this church, for two whole days in March, 1900, that a long line of people filed. They belonged to all classes, rich and poor, humble and great, doubters and believers. They had come to look upon their friend for the last time. In another day the earthly part of Thomas K. Beecher would be laid to rest.

But his spirit could not die. The ministers of Elmira—the successors of the very ones who had once cast him from their ministerial union—united to honor him in a great memorial service. A movement spring up in the city schools to build the statue, which now stands in front of his old church. In every movement for the betterment of his community, Thomas K. Beecher lives again. It is no wonder that the YMCA official found him "the most alive man in town!"

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Entreat me not to leave you or to return from following you; . . . where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God." (Ruth 1:16)

The Words

A Pool	M Giant
B Holly	N Rainy
C Green	O Foot
D Greedy	P Balloon
E Doughy	Q Tooth
F Fools	R Louder
G Wood	S Greenery
H Mule	T Doorway
I Goat	U Deluge
J Unpire	V Pewee
K Lumpy	W Mounty
L Willow	X Oliver

● So You Are Going to Move

(Continued from page 17)

does not know the name of the minister in the new city, he can find out from the city or state denominational secretary. If the minister shows this much concern about the member's spiritual welfare, the moving member is more likely to unite with the church in the new community than he otherwise would. Our denomination has worked out a short program to be used in the home on the occasion when a member is about to move from the community. This is an excellent idea when it can be done; but there are many occasions when the time

(Continued on page 30)



Family Counselor

Q. I have a problem which I hope you can help me with. Our Sunday school is very progressive. We have a paid directress. I have taught several years and in that time they have dropped the perfect attendance awards, claiming people would send children, sick or not. They dropped the idea of having a perfect attendance banner outside the classes that earned it. The children get a thrill out of it but perhaps that is not right, either. They no longer have Children's Day exercises or Christmas parties (the children are too busy).

Well, next year they are going to have a new method. They are going to have each grade by itself with a lead teacher and two helpers. Our director says this is the best method. This is the opposite of what I learned—smaller classes, more individualized attention. I am open to anything that will benefit the children. Also, we should not sing any songs such as "I Am a Little Sunbeam" as the children know they aren't little sunbeams and so forth. I have a feeling that everything is getting so intellectualized that security and love are being left out of it. I have always had an "at home" feeling at Sunday school but I am fast losing it as everything seems so confusing to me.

A. It is not at all surprising that you should feel as you do. Most of us who are adults tend to glamorize a bit what happened when we went to church school as children and to resent somewhat departures from methods and procedures with which we are familiar. Many of us, for example, just as you do, look back with considerable nostalgia upon the singing of "I Am a Little Sunbeam" and assume that this song has great value for children. In reality, the song probably didn't mean so much to us when we were children as it does to us now.

It is difficult to disagree with the findings of modern educators, furthermore, that symbolism such as is found in this song, doesn't mean much to small children. We must remember that workers with children through the years have been discovering the kind of songs that have real meaning for children of each age group, and that children today can learn to love and appreciate these songs far easier than they can "I Am a Little Sunbeam." But again, it is not always easy for us to accept this fact. Let me suggest, therefore, that you make a special effort to get acquainted with the fine songs available for

children today. All of us must be willing to evaluate with an open mind, as you are willing, the new insights that consecrated workers with children bring us. Their insights have grown out of years of specialized study and work with children.

Much the same approach should be followed with respect to the use of attendance banners and awards, and Children's Day exercises. Perhaps you remember, as do I, when Children's Day exercises were primarily given over to the "speaking of pieces" and "showing off" of some particular accomplishment. Here is one person, at least, who as a child dreaded them. How much better are the suggestions today that on Children's Day there should be a sharing with adults of experiences the children have had during the year in their church school classes. Group participation rather than individual "recitations" are stressed.

You ask about the plan of having for each class a room, a lead teacher, and two or more helpers. I, too, recall when we were advised that small classes—about eight students to a class—were desirable. The experience of both church school and public school teachers indicates, however, that much more can be accomplished when the classes have more students, and there are a sufficient number of helpers. Such a plan gives room for a greater variety of activities—study, worship, and play—that are on the level of children's interests and capabilities, than the ordinary small class situation provides.

I appreciate so much your emphasis upon the need of children having security and love and the importance of feeling "at home" in church school. Sharing with children our own happy experiences of the past has real value, also. And, of course, your own personality is an important part of your teaching. I am inclined to feel that these new approaches should really bring to children a greater feeling of security and an increasing awareness of the meaning of love. If they do not, it is not the fault of the methods but of the teachers and workers. Your own sensitiveness to the need for this love and security means that you have much to give children. Let me suggest that you co-operate wholeheartedly with these "new approaches."

Donald M. Maynard

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

We cannot break these strings of love
that ever hold us fast.
They span the years and stretch for
miles, but never lose their hold.
Upon the hearts of all of us, no matter
young or old.
And when we're drifting down the Styx,
those apron strings once more,
Like lifelines thrown across a wreck,
will bring us safe to shore.

—Bert Baron

The other is a prose reading entitled
"Ten Commandments for Parents"

- 1—Thou shalt look upon thy child, not
as a possession belonging to thee,
but as a sacred trust from God.
- 2—Thou shalt be honest in all deal-
ings with thy child; then honesty
and obedience can be expected of
him.
- 3—Thou shalt regard thy child's re-
spect and love not as duty to be
demanded but as an achievement
to be earned.
- 4—Remember when thou art out of
patience with thy child's faults to
take time to count to ten—of thine
own.
- 5—Remember that the surest way to
make it hard for thy child is to
make it easy for him. He should
learn early the meaning of disci-
pline and responsibility.
- 6—Thou shalt have daily prayers and
Bible reading with thy family,
and thou shalt always thank God
for food before partaking of it.
- 7—Remember that the example of thy
life is more effective than thy
faultfinding and moralizing.
- 8—Thou shalt practice the teachings
of Christ in thy home by being
kind, unselfish, and loving.
- 9—Thou shalt early teach thy child to
love and trust in God, and thou
shalt wisely help him choose Christ
as Lord and Savior.
- 10—Remember the Lord's day by wor-
shipping God in thy church as a
family, for this is necessary if thy
home be Christian.

—Gordon H. Schroeder

Devotions for the Meeting

A brief opening devotion and a well-planned worship experience at the end will serve as a fitting framework for this significant meeting. From the Old Testament, have someone read Deuteronomy 6:4-9, the ancient injunction commanding parents to educate their children religiously. Ephesians 6:1-4 is a suitable apostolic admonition concerning the parents' treatment of children. A read-

ing of 1 Corinthians 13, the great love chapter, in one of the recent translations (RSV, Phillips, Goodspeed, Moffatt) will be helpful. Sometime either at the start or close of the meeting, preferably the former, some member should read the account of the Nazareth family in Luke 2:40-52. Some hymns to be used are, "For the Beauty of the Earth," "Love Divine," and "O Happy Home Where Thou Art Loved." Poems from James Dalton Morrison's volume, *Masterpieces of Religious Verse*, may be used also. Make every effort to surround this meeting with a spiritual atmosphere which will heighten the realization that parenthood is truly a sacred privilege and solemn responsibility under God.

● So You Are Going to Move

(Continued from page 28)

factor or the lack of knowledge about the moving makes it impractical.

A person is lonely when he moves to a new city. Within a short time he is visited by the milkman, the bread man, the laundry man, the newspaper delivery boy, and many others, all seeking his patronage. The friends at the office, shop, and store become acquainted with him and soon introduce him to other friends. Before long he loses his sense of loneliness for the old city and feels that he has become a part of the new one. He must often wonder, "Where is the church?" No one from the church has contacted him and invited him and his family to join. Yet we often wonder

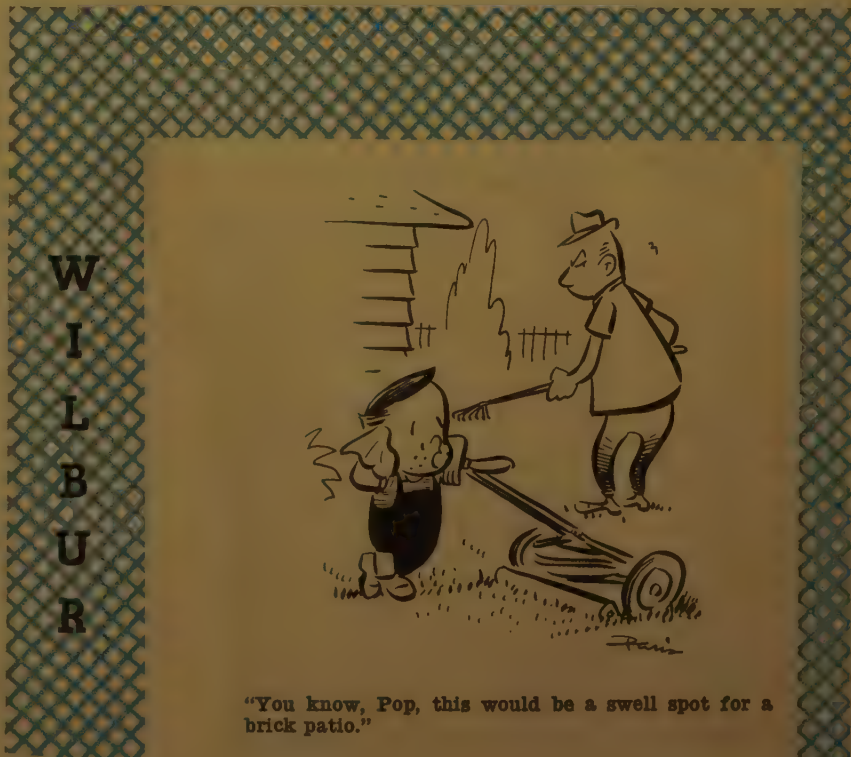
why this newcomer loses his interest in the church.

There is a definite responsibility on the church in the city to which this member has moved. When a church locates a newcomer, it should have someone visit him, invite him and his family to services, see that they receive a warm welcome, and when received into the membership of the church, encourage them to take part in church activities. It is very desirable to hold teas or receptions for new members about twice a year so that they will have an opportunity to meet other members of the church.

So far I have put the entire responsibility on the church from which a member moves and the church in the city to which he is moving. Equal responsibility, however, must be shared by the member himself. Many people fail to give their home church their new address. They cannot expect the church to keep in contact with them if it doesn't know their whereabouts.

It may well be that a person will visit several churches in order to find the one in which he will be happy to worship, one that offers a program for all members of his family, and one where he can soon feel at home. It is a definite responsibility for each one who calls himself a Christian to unite with other Christian people in doing the work of the Lord. This can be done through the church better than in any other way.

So you are going to move! Wherever you go there is work to do. So join a church in the city where you move, and may God richly bless you.



"You know, Pop, this would be a swell spot for a brick patio."



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Children

Four new books for kindergartners and beginning readers have been published by Broadman Press. **I Know Why We Give Thanks** (1956, unpagged, 60 cents), by Mary Sue White, lists in childlike language several reasons for gratitude. The four-color and black-and-white drawings by Katherine Evans add to the interest of the text.

Sunday with Stevie (1956, unpagged, 60 cents), by Polly Hargis, pictures an excellent kindergarten situation and the activities that are carried out in the church school. Janet Smalley's attractive four-color and black-and-white drawings are a delight to the reader.

Listen to the Night (1957, unpagged, 60 cents), by Furn Kelling, lifts up many night noises that may cause fear in children. They are explained in a matter-of-fact way, and are related to God's plan for the world. The charming illustrations by Mariel Wilhoite Turner add to the appeal of this book.

Jimmie Goes to Church (1957, unpagged, 60 cents) by Gladys Rhiner, will enchant children. The text and the lovely illustrations by Janet Smalley explain unfamiliar situations. All four of these books are good for home reading and are the type to be used as resources with the church school pupils' reading books.

* * *

Wobbly Wheels, by Lilian Moore (Abingdon Press, 1956, 48 pages, \$1.50), is an easy-to-read book for children. The story tells of Jenny and her Christmas bike, and of Pete and his Christmas skates. Because the snow lasted so long, they both had to wait and wait to try out their new toys. When the snow finally was gone, the children eagerly started out to ride and skate, but neither could manage

the wobbly wheels! How they both learned to control those wheels makes a fascinating story for young readers. The two-color and black-and-white illustrations add to the interest and charm of the book.

* * *

The Brand New Kitten, by Sally Scott (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1956, 55 pages, \$2.25), is a warm, friendly story for children from six to ten. Peggy wanted a kitten, but Old Eb, the mean old tomat—but a good mouser—would not tolerate a pet on the place. How Peggy managed to get rid of Old Eb and at the same time make a friend of Old Man Pratt, a crochety farm neighbor, makes a good story. The lovely black-and-white drawings by Beth Krush add much to the story.

For Adults

Here are several very helpful pamphlets on a number of important subjects of interest particularly to parents in relation to the needs of children. (Order from Public Affairs Pamphlets, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y., 25 cents each.)

No. 216. **How to Teach Your Child About Work**, by Ernest Osborne. Conscious, organized effort by home, school, and community to provide guidance in opportunities for constructive work for boys and girls is the purpose of this pamphlet.

No. 217. **Care for Children in Trouble**, by Maxwell S. Stewart, is a report of the California Committee on Temporary Child Care, and is of interest to all concerned about delinquency and crime.

No. 219. **How to Help Your Handicapped Child**, by Samuel M. Wishik,

M.D., offers valuable guidance to parents of handicapped children—"Exercise patience but avoid undue solicitude."

No. 223. **Homes for Foster Children**, by Kathleen Cassidy Doyle, provides guidance in establishing qualifications which homes of persons who may wish to become foster parents should have. "Well-adjusted adults" is the chief slogan for these qualities.

No. 231. **How to Choose a Camp for Your Child**, by Ernest Osborne, may be a little late for use this summer, but you can have it ready for next year. It has valuable suggestions.

No. 234. **Coming of Age: Problems of Teen-Agers**, by Paul H. Landis, presents the common problems of teen-agers, which parents should understand and recognize, with suggestions as to how they may meet and handle those problems.

No. 232. **Back to What Woodshed?** by Justine Wise Polier, is a vigorous protest against the demand of some for harsher, tougher punishment for juvenile delinquency. "Punishment doesn't work. Punishing parents is equally ineffective"; J. Edgar Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding.

No. 236. **Too Young to Marry?** by Lester A. Kirkendall, recognizes the increasing number of early marriages, the problems involved in them often resulting in broken relationships, and lists some "go slow" suggestions helpful to young people and parents alike.

No. 239. **The Shy Child**, by Helen Ross, deals with a widespread condition with suggestions for help and a warning against too anxious concern. All children do not have to be go-getters, earth-movers, and cloud-swingers. Quiet, contemplative, creative people are important, too.

No. 245. **Fear and Prejudice**, by Selma Hirsh, shows how much of our prejudice as adults roots back in childhood fears and anxieties. It indicates how parents should endeavor to prevent the conditions that lead to a later life of prejudice and antagonism.

Over the back fence

● One of Life's Major Milestones

Next month will mark the reaching of one of life's major milestones for nearly four million children.

They will start to school!

They are looking forward to it with eagerness; at least most of them are. But are the parents? Perhaps some of them are anticipating getting the "kids out from under their feet" for a few hours each day. Probably, a majority are approaching this major break in the family circle with some measure of fear and trembling.

August may be a little too late to prepare the parents and the children for this experience. Some of this preparation has been going on for several months, if not years; preparation that is either good or bad or indifferent. Nevertheless, *Hearthstone* is glad to call the attention of parents who face this experience for the first time to a little booklet. It is entitled *Looking Forward to School* and is issued by the medical department of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.

If you would like a copy of this free booklet, you may secure one by writing directly to the editor of this magazine. It will help you understand your child better, and will also help both of you pass this major milestone more successfully.

● America's "Least of These"

Have you ever tried to personalize in terms of our day what is implied in Jesus' parable in Matthew 25: "As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me"? Would some of the following groups or per-

sons possibly be included in such a picture?

Over 14 million families in the United States receive less than \$3,000 each year. In Jesus' day such a family income would represent wealth. In our day it means that such families are living below the "minimum standard of decency" as estimated by economists.

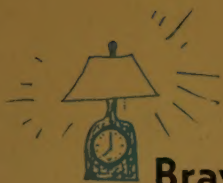
Included in this group are over 5 million families having an annual income of less than \$2,000. Three million of this group exist (how can they?) on less than \$1,000 yearly income.

It can hardly be questioned that these 14 million families do not get enough of the proper food and drink that are needed to maintain health. Although it is likely that none of them are literally naked in terms of the parable, certainly they are able to secure only a bare minimum of clothing. Adequate homes to shelter them are not available at the rent that they can afford to pay. Sickness due to lack of preventive medical care and to poor nutrition continually haunts them. Students of crime point out that a large proportion of criminals and delinquents comes from the families in this bracket.

There are no easy solutions to this problem. It is somewhat startling to realize that even an extension of coverage of the Federal Labor Standards Act, or minimum wage law of \$1-per hour, is not much of a solution. For a forty-hour week that enables the breadwinner of a family of four to attain just one half of the minimum standard of decency an income of over \$4,000 per year is necessary (according to 1951 figures).

Hearthstone believes that its readers, few of whom are likely to be in the 14 million families under discussion, are concerned about what can be done "to the least of these" their brethren. It believes that they will work through their churches for some solution that will more nearly merit an invitation to the blessed inheritance.

Poetry Page



Brave

I showed him his familiar toys,
The wall-eyed teddy bear;
The blocks, the bunnies on the walls,
His clothes upon a chair.
I said he was a big boy now,
No need to burn a light;
And that the room he loved by day
Was just the same at night.
I turned it off; he turned it on.
(Stern stuff my son is made of.)
He said, "I'll leave it on to see
The things I'm not afraid of."

— Beulah Fenderson Smith



Small Neighbor

He's just turned six, and in his eyes
Life is a constant, sweet surprise.
A redbird from a leafy limb
Whistles a message just for him.
Parades of ants and beetles pass
Through pigmy forests of emerald grass.
A spider's web, hung in a tree,
Is a wonder all must see.
Lo! In the night a creeping snail
Has left a silvery, winding trail.
Now magically for his delight
A thousand fireflies star the night.
Earth pours her wonder and her joy
Into the heart of a dear small boy.
Wherever his future roads may wind,
Life, take him gently—Years, be kind.

— Beth Robertson



Cub-bub!

They're much engrossed in strange affairs,
These Cub Scout Bobcats, Wolves, and Bears.
They learn a lore of special signs,
Of uniforms, bright badge designs.
Their parents, though, find one term clear,
Among the many names they hear.
From monthly conclaves they come back
Knowing why they say "Cub pack."

— Laurence C. Smith



The Touch of Midas

Fill your bank with memories:

A smile or laugh displays
The bonds of happy days.
While each joy-filled hour
Is a treasure shower.

Line upon your hobby shelf

A row of golden dreams
Reflecting life, it seems.
Add up the sum that's mounting.
You've riches beyond counting.

— Pat Cunningham

■ Hear Ye!

Hear Ye! ■



We beg leave to request that you commend to your many friends and well-wishers this family magazine of unsurpassed excellence.

Lest we be deemed guilty of gross understatement, we must perforce confess that *Hearthstone* is one of the finest family magazines that ever graced a Christian home, a fact we know our esteemed readers will verify. We humbly beseech the gentle reader to noise abroad the praises of this most excellent publication in Sunday morning classes, in men's and women's groups, and to freely distribute copies to those unfortunate enough not to be acquainted with the merits of this splendid monthly magazine.

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